AN

ODE

ON THE

Preſent WAR

WITH

SPAIN.

Hæ tibi erunt artes ; paciſq; imponere morem
Parcere ſubjectis, & debellare ſuperbos. Virg.

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AN

ODE

ON THE

PEACE WITH SPAIN.

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ON THE

Preſent WAR with SPAIN.

WHEN Juſtice holds no more the Scales,
When Violence o'er Right prevails
Nor dreads the Wrath of Heav'n;
Altho' the Injur'd beg Redreſs,
Altho' the Wicked ſtill oppreſs,
In Mercy Time is giv'n:

Time to repent, paſt Wrongs reform,
Time to avert th' impending Storm,
By ſeeking Means of Grace:
For this, ſecure of his own Pow'r,
Th' Almighty long delays the Hour
That Vengeance muſt take Place.

At length his Providence deny'd,
His Mercy ſcorn'd, his Pow'r defy'd,
Compaſſion is no more:
He gives the dreadful Word, whereby
Ten thouſand winged Lightnings fly,
Ten thouſand Thunders roar.

Mercy, how fair art Thou! how bright!
When flowing from reſiſtleſs Might!
Hence *Britain*'s Monarch choſe
To ~~animate~~ imitate that awful God,
Who long forbears, yet with a Nod
Can blaſt his proudeſt Foes,

While

While Ruins ſmoak along your Coaſts,
How vain muſt all your empty Boaſts
Be found, preſumptuous *Spain*?
Will nothing but the laſt Diſtreſs
Force haughty *Philip* to confeſs
The Sovereign of the Main?

Lo, where his Fleets triumphant ride!
The Tryal bravely now abide,
Your * Don *Clavijo* ſend
Forth from behind the Rocks of § *Cales*;
Bid him for once expand his Sails
And let the Conteſt end.

Reſolv'd

---

* *The Spaniſh Admiral.*

§ *Otherwiſe called* Cadiz, *where the* Spaniſh *Fleet has lain this long Time, not daring to put out to Sea.*

Reſolv'd the *Britiſh* ‡ Chief appears,
Let Yours, for Shame, diſpel his Fears
Your vaunted Might to prove:
But ſooner ſhall the rav'ning Kite
Mount on the Wing that Bird to fight
Who bears the Bolt of *Jove*.

Thro' Air he proudly cuts his Way
Upon the ſmaller Game to prey,
At which ſecure he flies:
But when the Eagle ſoars in Sight,
The Trembling Robber checks his Flight,
And cloſe in Covert lies.

Why

‡ *Admiral* Haddock.

Why was not This in Time forſeen?
Had you no Thought of *Albion*'s Queen *
That once renowned Maid,
(When at the Height your Glories were,)
Who foil'd the mightieſt * King that e'er
Iberia's Scepter ſway'd.

Is † He who like an Angel ſtood
Fearleſs, whilſt midſt the raging Flood
His pointed Fires he hurl'd——
Is he for ever loſt to Fame
Whoſe Valour bore the *Engliſh* Name
Around the watry World?

What

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* Philip IId, *who invaded* England *in the Reign of Queen* Elizabeth, *with a formidable Fleet, ſtiled by the* Pope, *the* invincible Armada.

† *Sir* Francis Drake *who bore ſo great a Part in the Defeat of the above Armada.*

What! cannot † He one Age ſurvive
(New Proofs of Courage born to give)
Who with his Thunder-ſtroaks
Could to their deep Foundations ſhake
‡ Embattel'd Caſtles found too weak
Oppos'd to *Britiſh* Oaks?

If Time could their illuſtrious Names
Who were the Muſe's antient Themes
From your Remembrance blot,
Why was the * Chief who boldly trod
The Footſteps of the § *Theban* God
O'er || *Calpe*'s Heights, forgot?

That

---

† *Admiral* Blake.

‡ *See the Account of his Expedition to the* Canaries, *and his Character by Biſhop* Burnet.

* *Sir* George Rook *who took* Gibraltar 1704.

§ Hercules *born at* Thebes.

|| Gibraltar.

On ‖ *Scylla's* Rocks must *Britons* drive
Some new *Armada* to revive
The Memory of † *Byng*?
Britain can never want a *Blake*,
A *Rook*, a *Torrington* or *Drake*,
So long as *GEORGE* is King.

What in himself the World admires,
What forms the Heroe, he inspires
Into each free born Soul.
That Virtue, which, to Slaves unknown,
Faints not within the burning Zone,
Nor cools beneath the Pole.

‖ *Described by* Virgil, *between* Italy *and* Sicily.

† *Afterwards Lord* Torrington, *who defeated the Spanish Fleet near* Sicily *in the late Reign*, 1718.

Th' indignant Monarch gives the Word,
Great *Norris* draws the Flaming Sword
To guard on all Sides round
That other *Eden*, where no Place
For the Apoſtate baniſh'd Race
Can evermore be found.

But who is he can guard thy Shores
On which *Britannia*'s Lion roars?
Thy Empire who maintain?
Lo, *Vernon* thunders on thy Walls!
Down, down thy *PORTO BELLO* falls,
Down falls the Pride of *Spain*.

Heroes to Heroes ſtill ſucceed,
Prompt to repeat each glorious Deed
Which rais'd their Country's Fame;
Whoſe Love of Honour, Juſtice, Laws,
Whoſe Senſe of Liberty, whoſe Cauſe,
Whoſe Power is ſtill the ſame.

'Tis

'Tis Her's to looſe the Captive's Chain,
Her's bold Oppreſſion to reſtrain,
And ſuppliant States to raiſe:
Still the ſame Cauſe her Boſom warms
For which She long hath ſhin'd in Arms,
On which She founds her Praiſe.

'Twas Madneſs ſurely to provoke
The long ſuſpended fatal Stroke:
By ſome great Curſe impell'd,
You have with Inſolence defy'd
That warlike State by which your Pride
Hath been ſo often quell'd----

Yes--- Heav'n remembers former Crimes,
CHRIST's Name profan'd in diſtant Climes---

The

* The guiltleſs Blood you ſhed
Of Nations murder'd, with their Kings,
Yet unappeas'd juſt Vengeance brings
On your devoted Head.

Revenge--- cries § *Montezuma*'s Ghoſt,
With † His who haunts *Peruvia*'s Coaſt,
By blackeſt Fraud, betray'd:
The Hour of Fate ſo long defer'd,
Seems on the Wing, the Groans are heard
Of each Majeſtick Shade.

The

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* *In deſtroying the two great and populous Empires of* Peru *and* Mexico.

§ *Emperor of* Mexico, *who after receiving the* Spaniards *in a friendly and honourable Manner into his capital City, was treacherouſly ſurprized and thrown into Chains by their Leader* Ferdinand Cortez, *who pretended to come for the Good of him*

The Miniſtry of Wrath belongs
To him who with *Britannia*'s Wrongs
Reſents all human Woes;
For this, Heaven's Delegate, deſign'd
Th' Avenger of diſtreſs'd Mankind,
A Second GEORGE aroſe.

---

him and his People, as Ambaſſador from the King of Spain *and the* Pope, *whom he called Lords of the Univerſe. Some time after, the* Mexicans *having riſen up in Arms againſt the* Spaniards, *who had ſuddenly fallen upon and murdered two hundred Youths, the Flower of their Nobility, while they were diverting their Captive King with Dances and other Sports, and had at the ſame Time made a great Slaughter of their chief Citizens,* Montezuma *was compell'd to put his Head out at a Window to reſtrain his Subjects, who were purſuing the* Spaniards, *when this unfortunate Prince received a Blow of a Stone on his Temple, whereof he died in three Days. He was however probably delivered by this Accident from a more cruel Death, which was the Lot of his Succeſſor, who falling*

falling also into the Hands of those merciless Men was put to the dreadfullest Torture (being encompassed with burning Coals,) for the Discovery of his Treasures. When they found that no Torments could conquer the Resolution of this magnanimous Prince, they took him away half roasted, and hanged him.

† Atabaliba *King of* Peru, *who was perfidiously seized by* Pizarro *another Spanish Leader at an Interview, and after he had fulfilled his Engagement to the* Spaniards *of giving them a large Room heaped full with Gold for his Ransom, was inhumanly strangled by them.*

FINIS.

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